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GATHERED

HARVEST

BY

RHODA T. CARTER





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1903

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“Where hast thou gleaned, to-day?”—*Ruth 11:19*

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IN EXCHANGE

N. E. St. S.



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INTRODUCTION.

Through the intercession of my friends, I have decided to place before the public this little book, "Gathered Harvest."

I never sought to display my poetic talent, but have always written more or less, because (as I've often expressed myself) I could n't help it. I hope my readers will be able to find in these poems something of interest, and will also-excuse my simple style.

I shall also endeavor to give you a short extract from my Shaker experience.

I am truly yours,

RHODA T. CARTER.

SHORT SKETCH OF MY SHAKER EXPERIENCE.

One of my brothers went to Lebanon, N. H., to learn the harness trade. He frequently met some of the Shakers, as their settlement was near there. He often attended their public services. They used to sing beautiful hymns and anthems, of their own composing, and short songs which they marched round on. Many of them were very impressive. Our brother became converted to their religion and joined them without his parents' knowledge. One day he came home very unexpectedly with one of their leaders, "Elder John Lion."

He was dressed in Shaker costume, drab coat and a low "poled" broad-brimmed hat (their style then). He was all alive with Shakerism. People at that time had never heard anything of them excepting reports of prejudice. Mother felt terribly! Said she would rather have followed him to the grave. They stopped but a short time, but soon came back again and brought two of the sisters with them. They looked queer to us with their straight dresses, white caps, etc. They noticed us children, and "Elder John Lion" would take us into his lap, one on each knee, and pet us, so we could n't help liking him. One day our little brother, Harry, five years old, said to him, "Your name is 'Elder John Lion,' so I guess I'll have mine 'Elder John Elephant.'" That suited them, and they thought him

bright and cunning. Our two oldest sisters were away at work in a factory in Lowell, Mass.

The Shakers would sing to us, and I was quick to catch a tune; so one morning after they had gone and the rest of the children were up and down stairs, I lay there singing one of their tunes at the "top of my voice." It was one of their marching tunes. The words were as follows:

"I've found the way to Zion,
I never will look back,
I ever will be faithful,
And keep the solid track;
Here's love and union flowing
Among the chosen few,
So I'll not be slothful,
But still the way pursue."

I raised the whole house! And up came father, laughing, and said, "That's right, keep the solid track."

But I must be brief, for I've no room in this little book for a thirty years' (or more) experience with the Shakers. Our brother, after much "teasing," finally prevailed on our parents to let some of us children go with him. I was nine and the youngest one five. The Shakers were exceedingly kind to us, made of us, and would tell how well brought up we were. The Shakers are not an ignorant set; they give their scholars a splendid education as far as it goes. They never go to any high school or college. All the education I ever had was from childhood to the age of fifteen. The rest I picked up by the way. I knew how to read when I went there. Some of the family died there, others

left. The first time I was tempted to leave was at the age of fifteen. They had books of their own, written by inspiration, as they called it; so when I was tempted to leave I would look into one of those books to see what my penalty would be if I left. The book said, those who left the "Zion of God" (and that meant their institution) would sink into the lowest depth of hell! That frightened me so I kept on staying. At the age of forty-five I finally left, solely for my liberty.

The Shakers teach their subjects good morals; all the years I lived there I never heard any rough talk or swearing.

They learn them to be accomplished housekeepers (those who have a talent). They compose beautiful hymns and anthems, and one in particular was a favorite of mine. I will give you what I remember of it. The tune was half of the battle:

“ All things here on earth revealed,
 Indicate a great “ First Cause ”;
From whose sight there’s naught concealed,
 All omniscient are His laws.
Every thought and word and action
 All lie open to His view;
None can hide the least transaction,
 We are seen in all we do.

“ Mortals here may try to cover
 And conceal their sins a while;
There’s a God Who will uncover
 And expose the deepest guile.
True as heaven e’er existed,
 Watchmen there their vigils keep;
Every veil shall yet be lifted,
 There’s an eye that never sleeps.

“ Although conscience seems to slumber,
And resign its sweet control,
Yet each deed records its number,
Deep engraven on the soul.
And from these the soul eternal
Takes impression day by day,
Whether spiritual or carnal,
Good or evil, yea or nay.”

The Shakers have progressed, grown more enlightened, are not so superstitious, are more liberal, endorse what they think is right in other churches, don't call outsiders “world's people” (as they used to).

The Shakers are a respectable people. But I don't believe in living such a secluded life. God made this beautiful world free to every one. “Proclaim liberty throughout all the world unto all the inhabitants thereof,” was the command of the Lord unto Moses on Mount Sinai.

Patrick Henry, one of Virginia's great orators, was the one who said, “Give me liberty or give me death.” Pope, the great poet, hath said :

“ Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.”

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the great author and poet, hath said, “Oppression maketh a wise man mad.”

Liberty was what I longed for all the days of my life there. And it was for that one precious boon that I left them.

I shall not have space to give you my childish experience before I went there, but it was a pleasant one. The opening poem of this little book will inform you to a great degree.

MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD.

Youth and childhood both have vanished,
Gone forever from my view ;
Yet reflection brings them homeward,
Home the joys that once I knew.
Health and vigor marked my visage,
Ever feeling gay and bright ;
Oh ! It really seemed that I was
Never tired from morn till night.

When the genial spring came forward,
Oh, it was a time for fun,
To see my father tap the trees,
And see the maple fluid run.
This to me was sweet enjoyment,
All us children liked such times ;
When the " saccharine " was boiling,
Then our eyes began to shine.

I was rugged, stout, and healthy,
While some others were quite thin,
So my father often took me
Out to gather sap with him.
This to me was sport and pleasure ;
I could make the woods resound,
Often mocking my own echo ;
Great delight in this I found.

With my little pail I'd scamper
O'er the melting, rippling rills,
Many a voice was sweetly ringing,
All around throughout the hills.
I had brothers, five in number,
Yet one bud, unfit to bloom,
Ere his sun was fully risen,
Found a dark and silent tomb.

Then my sisters, six in number,
Though it was a gloomy day,
Strove to make each other happy,
Thus we passed the time away.
Soon as summer, clad in beauty,
With her radiant sunbeams fair,
Clothed the mountains in fine raiment,
Then behold what joy was there.

Everything seemed smiling round us;
Nature in the transport joined,
Hark! the lowing cows are coming,
Lilly, Pink, and Crumple-Horn.
Now the oldest girls are summoned
Up the lane with pail in hand.
Soon we see the new milk foaming,
While the cows most gently stand.

Oh! I loved the rosy morning,
Loved the pretty noon-day sun,
Loved the calm and pleasant evening,
Life with me had just begun.
Oft within the gladsome forest,
Wandered there my tiny feet,

Listening to the plaintive warblings
Of the pretty birds so sweet.

Little sisters, kind, obliging,
With me strolled the hours away;
Thus in early days of childhood
Many times I passed the day.
In the grove where silver streamlets
Murmured forth a gentle tone
Many times I've passed the moments,
Even sometimes all alone.

For it seemed amongst the waverings
Of the tall, majestic trees,
I could hear some gentle whispers
Floating on the pleasant breeze.
Thus I often had impressions,
That the zephyrs loved to dwell
Far away from bustling cities,
Far away from dismal cells.

In the vale of meditation,
'Side the gentle waters fair,
Had you seen me in my childhood,
You might have seen me sitting there.
On the things of God's creation,
I would cast a solemn thought;
For it seemed they uttered phrases
Unto me in that lone spot.

There I view'd the trembling poplar,
Which reminded me of One

Crucified between two robbers,
Thus the awful deed was done.
There beside the rills and streamlets,
Willows bow'd their pensive heads;
Could it be that they were weeping,
Weeping for their kindred dead?

Were the waters rolling 'neath them,
Tears which they had often shed,
Washing clean the little pebbles,
On the weeping willow's bed?
Oh, what cause have you for mourning?
Tell me in the sighing breeze,
God has placed you by these waters,
Lovely as the tallest trees.

Around thee twines the modest violet,
Odors sweet perfume the air;
O thou pretty weeping willow,
Let no briars thee ensnare.
Though you hear the proud oak's boasting
Of their tall majestic stand,
Unto dust they all must crumble,
Like to vain and mortal man.

Thus I mused on oaks and willows,
Trees and bushes, short and tall,
'Till I perceived it growing darker,
While the dew around did fall.
Soon my steps for home were wended,
Tho' e'er so homely, it was sweet;
I could not forget to trace
The windings of my tiny feet.

When the days were hot and sultry,
Oft I laid my shoes aside,
Then my feet made such a spatting
I feared a bear was near my side ;
Then I made them fly the faster,
That a bear I might outrun,
Looking every way around
To see the monster when he come.

Yet my fears availed me nothing ;
All such childish fears were vain,
But the very next time it grew dusky
All my fears came back again.
It never seemed to spoil my comfort,
All such scarish things were o'er
When I reached my own loved cottage,
Found my playmates at the door.

Another time to me seemed pleasant,
Lovely autumn, in its prime ;
Vegetation growing thrifty
Made the fields look rich and fine.
Many times I've known my father,
When his help seemed very slim,
Work at harvesting in evening,
Taking out his girls with him.

Then to keep our spirits brightened,
He would sing and dance sometimes ;
Tell all kinds of funny stories
'Bout aunt "Sall" and uncle "Grimes,"
Ghosts and goblins not excepted ;
All such things received their due,

'Till at length we grew quite sleepy,
Glad to hear the story through.

He was kind unto his children,
Strove to make his comfort ours,
Always glad to have us with him,
In the house or out of doors.
Oft he cheered us with his fiddle,
With a harp, a fife or flute,
Or a little box of music
Which was seldom ever mute.

In this childish noise and tumult,
Mother took an active part,
Let what would occur amongst us,
She possessed a tender heart.
Oh, how many times I've sorrow'd,
Thinking one day she might die,
And leave us there to mourn her exit;
This sad musing caused a sigh.

When night spread her pensive mantle,
Closed her curtains 'round my bed,
Ah! it was a time for musing
On the living and the dead.
Often wondering what would meet me
In eternity's long sphere,
Knowing that our souls immortal,
There were summoned to appear.

Years with me were swiftly passing,
I could almost see them fly,
Often wondering if my heaven
Would not be above the sky.

For my childish small transgressions,
I felt often quite condemned ;
Praying to my heavenly Father,
That my soul He might befriend.

We were taught that wicked children,
Those who practised telling lies,
Went to a lake of fire and brimstone,
Off somewhere beyond the skies.
Thus my conscience grew uneasy,
When I spoke an angry word,
Until I found a secret spot
To plead forgiveness of the Lord.

Oft I went into the garden,
Sought a lonely corner there,
And when I thought no one could see me,
Bent my knees in solemn prayer.
Oh, the feelings there I witnessed
Unto none can be revealed ;
Only He who feeds the ravens,
He can all our sorrows heal.

BACK AGAIN.

Back again to my native home,
Back to the cottage door,
Back to the scenes I used to love
In those gaily days of yore.
Back again to my father's arms,
Back to my mother's heart,
Back to my brothers and sisters dear,
Oh ! never again to part.

Back to the hearth where we used to sit
By the kettle that hung on the crane,
Back to the mush they made in that kettle,
Production of corn and of grain.
Back to the "butry," where sugar was kept,
Pans of milk in a row on the shelf,
Back to that bowl of pudding and milk,
Back to our jolly old self.

Back to that old green pasture again,
Back to that clever old horse,
When any one of us mounted his back,
At once we thought we were "boss."
Back to the dog with a ring round his neck,
Back to my old "tabby-cat."
Give me just one more hour in that dearly-loved spot,
And I will be thankful for that.

Back to the berries that grew on the farm,
Back to the toads and the frogs,
Back to the partridge that lived in the woods,
And the woodchucks that sat on the logs.
Back to the squirrel with nuts in his paws,
To the weasel that ran through the wall,
Back to the foxes that kidnapped the corn,
Little rabbits, the cutest of all.

Back to the damsons, and "can-dia"-plums, too,
Yellow pumpkins that hid in the corn,
Back to the pears and apples that grew
In the orchard below father's barn.
Back to the goldthread, the catnip and sage,
Mother used for whatever ailed us.

No quacks with their nostrums of this thing and that,
Ever dared come near to assail us.

No doctors were ever called in to see us,
With their calomel, blue pills, and powders;
Both doctors and saddlebags frightened us so
She would have no such "demons" around us.

Back to November, though sear be her leaf,
Her garners are full and o'erflowing;
Back to the poultry, the pork, and the beef,
To thanksgiving; for there's where we're going.
Oh, for one more thanksgiving! that thanksgiving day,
Roast goose and a young chicken pie,
"Oh! for just one more whiff" of those jolly old times,
And I'll be contented to die.

THE GROVES WERE GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

While sitting in my chamber,
Those words came unto me,
"The groves were God's first temples;"
One of them I could see.
Forth from my window, viewing
One tranquil and serene,
I felt that I was worshipping
The holy and unseen.

Ye towering maple beauties,
I beckon unto thee;
While you seem to be making
Obeisance unto me.

The genial warmth of summer
Has gone to other lands ;
Still you retain your value,
This, nature doth demand.

The birds have ceased their warbling
In your once fragrant bower
And gone to another climate
To search for nature's flowers.
The sparkling little streamlets
That oozed from mountain side
Went laughingly before you,
As swiftly they did glide.

And as they frolicked by you,
Did kiss their mother earth,
While little pebbles followed,
Charmed with their song of mirth.
But, ah ! bleak winds of winter
Have swept across the plain
And stopped their onward coursing,
Still, they do not complain.

Beneath their icy covering
I often hear them speak,
Foretelling days of pleasure,
When winds are not so bleak.
Again we hear them speaking
Of brighter days to come,
When they shall burst their prison
And all the sands out run.

The trees above are waiting
To greet them with a smile ;
Robbed of their vernal beauty,
They're doomed to wait a while.
Why sigh about the summer?
I even now can see
The god of every flower
Shows pleasure still in thee.

Beneath the snow-capped mountains
You've stood the frosts and storm ;
Nor left without protection,
Though mournful be your song.
Dismantled though you quiver,
I there should love to go ;
For winter hath its pleasures,
This many seem to know.

Why hold your breath in silence?
'Tis true, no birds are there ;
When vocal with their music
A smile you seem to wear.
Some of your weaker sisters
I see are left forlorn ;
S'pose they could not encounter
The wind, the frost, and storm.

I come a little nearer
Before I turn away,
And find that those who're fallen
Show symbols of decay.

The moss is o'er them creeping
As though 'twould spread a pall;
The sighing winds are weeping
O'er blasted nature's fall.

The sun behind its curtain
Is sinking now to rest;
The moon with placid beauty
Puts on her silver crest,
With more than usual brightness,
Glides gently on her way.
"The groves were God's first temples,"
She seemingly doth say.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

"I pick'd up one of the Autumn leaves"
That dropp'd from a stately elm,
And placed it 'bove my calendar
A little while to dwell,
'Till nineteen hundred ushers in
With all its joys and woes,
"Sublime illusions," happy dreams,
'Till heaven shall overflow.

Then I shall take that same sear leaf,
And place it with great care
Above another calendar
Which I shall find somewhere.
Oh, that Autumn leaf, that "bonnie gem,"
So fair to look upon,
I wish I had some more of them
But I'll be satisfied with one.

Oh, if that little leaf could speak
What wonders it could tell!
From the time it budded 'till the time
It changed its hues and fell.
When thunders rolled and lightnings flashed
Athwart the angry skies,
When all was o'er this little leaf
Triumphantly did rise.

Thro' all the searching rays of heat,
Thro' all the storms that's been,
It never yielded to the blast,
But clung to its slender stem.
It's seen the traveler haste to meet
The gay and laughing crowd,
It's seen the mourner in the street,
The pall, the bier, and shroud.

I wish I had some more of them,
As I told you once before,
It might have been an easy task
To have gathered many more.
But the one I've got is very fine,
Yet wears a modest hue;
See how it widens near the stem,
Then slants so very true.

Around the edges of that leaf
Did any one crochet,
Or make the little veins that run
So skilfully each way?

Why ! The story of that little leaf
Is a story of great fame !
The skilful hand of an artist never
Would *dare* that art to claim.

I remember when I pick'd that leaf,
The thought came stealing o'er
That I should have another chance
To gather many more.
But suddenly the weather changed,
The wind grew fierce and cold,
So I'll keep this one to celebrate,
When I'm 73 years old.

MY SEVENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

I'm journeying back to childhood years,
When joy was joy, unmixed with fears ;
Forgetting all that lies between
That December day and this !
'Twas " 1826", and now 'tis " 99 " ;
And God thus far has carried me o'er
The troublous waves of time.

'Tis not a sad or weary thought
That I'm so near at home,
So near that I can almost hear
The voice that bids me come.
I cannot boast of earthly gain,
Riches I never knew ;
" My song was only like a bird's
That 'twittered while it flew.

That so many years with that strange "sect"
Was cast my early lot,
I ne'er really made up my mind
Whether to mourn or not.
But I will not talk any more about this,
'Twill take too much of my time ;
I had enough of Shakerism,
When I was in my prime.

I only give you a little hint
Of the checkered life I've led ;
'Tis almost o'er, I have no fears,
My Savior's at the helm.
He's always been my guiding star,
Thro' sunshine, storm and flood ;
I'm waiting now to hear him say,
"She's done what e'er she could."

Cast out upon life's troubled sea,
While foaming billows raged ;
But Christ my pilot's guided me
To my seventy-third birthday.
And as I approach the setting sun,
I feel an assurance, friends,
That the one who loved me when a child,
Will love to the end.

Father and mother both are gone ;
'Leven brothers and sisters dear ;
So I've had to live without my friends,
These many, many years.

But God looked down from heaven above,
And sent His only Son,
To fold me in his loving arms,
'Till He shall whisper "Come."

He sees the sparrows when they fall,
And hears the ravens cry ;
The God our parents talked about,
When I was but a child.
I remember the prayers we used to say,
That God our souls might keep,
And how happy I felt while saying "now
I lay me down to sleep."

And now I am a child again,
But in a different way ;
My first childhood I loved the best,
When I was young and gay.
But the dearest friend I ever had
Has never forsaken me ;
The one I loved when but a child,
I've loved till " 73."

Oh, what a meeting that will be !
Over on the other side ;
The reunion 'round our " family tree,"
When the twelfth one shall arrive.

THANKSGIVING.

Let authors and poets exhibit their rhymes,
In regard to thanksgiving in old fashioned times,
In regard to the fabric our grandmothers wore,
And what comfort they took on an unpainted floor.

It takes a great poet to give it its due,
But I can remember those jolly times, too ;
I'm not a spring chicken as sure's you 're alive,
For when this month is o'er I shall be seventy-five.

The baked Indian (injun) pudding so awfully nice,
Mince pies full of raisins and all kinds of spice ;
When all was completed we had a grand feast,
And when minus turkey we went for the geese.
And oh ! the nice turnovers they used to fry,
With something for filling the same as for pie ;
They make something now that they call by that name,
But I know for certain they're not just the same.

Those things they call turnovers I've often tried,
Which have something 'f a semblance upon the outside,
So I hunt for the filling and can't find a thing,
But they look just as tho' a big fly had dropped in.
One thing more I tell you tho' strange it may seem,
We never had milk without any of the cream ;
So that thing has changed same as all of the rest,
For some people now days like blue milk the best.

But that is n't any of us farmers' daughters,
For we know the difference between milk and water.
Whittier has told you also, about something
They used to make pies of, I think 'twas "some pump-
kins."

I must not be lengthy, oh, no, not a bit,
For brevity's often the soul of one's wit.
If in my short poem you should find any sweetness,
I hope it may serve to atone for its briefness.

ADAM AND EVE.

When Adam sneaked behind that bush
He show'd at once he had n't any "push,"
Afraid that Eve wouldn't have enough "vim,"
To do all the work and wait on him.

He loved to lounge round in the shade of the trees,
Eating pomegranates and taking his ease,
And the affair, when the Lord was sō angry with them,
He laid to his wife, just like all other men.

'Twould have looked a "heap" better when God called
his name,
To have stepped up and owned just a *part* of the blame,
But no! 'Twas the woman Thou *gavest* to me;
Signifying the Lord was to blame more than *he*

For making such a woman for his 'sociate,
'Round picking off fruit and conversing with snakes;
Characteristic to woman felt curious to see
Everything in the garden, everything on that tree.

A pretty smart woman, and pretty bright, too,
You can't dodge it, Adam, she's smarter than you,
She's got more ambition and more go-ahead,
So don't twit the Lord 'bout the woman He made.

What if she did pick the apples, you eat more than she,
And kept calling out, toss some more over to me;
A pretty sure mark of a coward or shirk,
Eating most of the fruit without doing any work.

"I SING BECAUSE I MUST."

Some poets sing for the love of fame;
Some to keep their "wits" from rust;
It is not so with Helen, though,
She sings "because she must."
'Tis just so with my muse and I;
But Helen said it "fust,"
So here I quote what Helen wrote,
"I sing because I must."

"Poor unprized song! The wings that beat"
A soft and low refrain,
"A cold and scanty welcome meet
From busy hand and brain."
Shall that song cease? "I cannot tell;
"I may woo it in the dust;
Again within my heart to dwell,
For I sing because I must."

TRIBUTE TO GOLDSMITH.

I should love to walk in Goldsmith's steps,
If only a little way,
Who carried no weapon save his harp
On which he used to play.
His nature was truant, Thackeray says,
When reposing, he longed for change,
But when on a journey he often looked back
To home, and sweet friendship again.

In the charm of his verse, his humor and style,
His regrets you often will find,
For building his castles high in the air,
Or writing out yesterday's lines.
His humor, his songs, are as beautiful now
As when we first felt their sweet charms;
His benevolent spirit still smiles upon us,
As we read his melodious lines.

From the idle shelter of boyhood days,
Longing to see the great world out of doors,
To achieve name and fortune he spent many years
Away from home's dearly loved bowers.
Altho' he was truant, as Thackeray says,
With a passion for home he was blest,
For he carried a relic away from his home,
And died with it close to his breast.

THE OLD WHITE CROWER.

Where did that white crower journey from?
Does anybody know?
I never knew, but know he came
About three months ago.
And since that time the other crower
Has had a dreadful time;
For he's been picked and "toted" round,
That poor young crower of mine.

I hope the other one will go
Away from here 'fore long,
Or I'm afraid we shall not know
Which one to us belongs.

I've nothing 'gainst the fellow, tho,'
He's smart and handsome, too,
I love to see him strut and crow
O cock-a-doodle-doo !

SECOND PART.

Poor biddy's dead, she died last night,
Oh, what a mournful sound !
Her dress was spotted black and white,
Her name was "Cropple Crown."
"I've watched her long though not my own,"
(The old white crower said),
She mingled with his little band,
So he mourns because she's dead.

He says just now he claims but three,
But just to see him round
You'd think instead of owning three,
He owned all "Danbury" town.
He says he ain't a Democrat,
But says *our* crower is,
He talks about this hen and that
As though they all were his.

He don't allow the other crower
To come within his reach,
But drives him round from door to door,
Says "*I'm* the one to teach.
Our little crower has not pluck
To stand the fiery test ;
All he can do is just to cluck
And seek a place of rest.

THE FARMER BOY AND CLERK.

I rather be a farmer boy,
Raising corn and pumpkins,
Than running round 'n a dry goods store
Trying to sell folks something.
Whittier was a farmer's boy,
That great distinguished poet;
Presume that some of you "city chaps"
Never happened to know it.

The sickle he did learn to wield,
In straw hat, shirt, and trousers;
A country lad, just in his teens,
I remember all about it.
I rather be a farmer boy,
With a heart brimful of cheer,
Than be a clerk in any store,
With a "pencil over my ear."

I rather be a farmer boy,
I want you all to know,
With a "bonnie lassie" for a chum,
Dressed up in calico.
She's not ashamed to wash the clothes,
Or wield the mop and broom,
That "bonnie lass" is one among
The sweetest flowers that bloom.

She bakes the bread, the pies, and cakes,
Without a single fear
Of the one that's coming in to dine
With a pencil over his ear.

Oh! the bonnie lass in calico,
With red cheeks all aglow,
Picking berries in the sun,
I used to love them so.

A little freckle on their face,
Never hurt them any for me,
For a jolly "lass" out in the sun
Was just the girl for me.

Give me the girl of yesterday,
The girl who dared to go
Out in the sun without a veil
Dressed up in calico.
With sparkling eyes and dimpled chin,
Of course they were n't *all* so,
But the girl I ever loved the best,
Was the girl in calico.

Give me the girl with rounded form,
A pink and white complexion,
Without any chalk or anything else
That cannot bear inspection.
I shun the girl with haggard face,
With corded *compressed* stomach,
That style is void of common sense,
I care not who begun it.

You may laugh at the girl in calico,
But a farmer boy don't care,
With her clothes so loose she can take a draught
Of the sweet and balmy air.

You may keep your girls for all of me,
I do not want them here,
With their tight kid boots and heavy trails,
And a "pencil over their ear."

You may keep your girls in frills and lace,
I care not who they be,
But the ruddy girl in a calico dress,
Ah! that's the girl for me.

ALONE ON THE DEEP.

I've sailed alone upon the deep,
When earthly pilots were asleep;
I've seen the sun go down at night
With not one earthly friend in sight.
Dear Father hear thy servant's prayer,
Convey me to the Saviour's care;
And while on others Thou dost call,
Let not this little sparrow fall.

I'm weary with the storms of life,
I'm weary with earth's toil and strife,
I'm weary living all alone
Since earthly "friendships all have flown."
Lead me above this plodding life,
Away from every earthly strife;
Lift me above this vale of tears,
I've traversed four and seventy years.

Dear friends who've crossed the foaming main,
I would not call you back again;
Shake hands with me from shore to shore,
"We're going home to part no more."
When I shall hear that solemn tone,
That gentle whisper, "Child, come home,"
O blessed Saviour, come to me,
And lead me through the dark, deep sea.

Take me where my dear parents are,
Who taught me first my infant prayer;
They planted there a seed that grew,
Bearing the Saviour's likeness, too.
O blessed thought, to mark that track, .
From life's beginning so far back;
Fain would I cherish that decree,
"Let little children come to me."

EQUALITY.

God formed the earth, fixed nature's laws,
Equal to every man,
But never formed an aristocrat
With His omniscient hand.
Had He done that, earth would have moved
In a very different way;
For all His works have harmonized
Since first the break of day.

The earth revolves without a jar,
As it did when God first spoke;
Let there be light! 'Twas then the world
In the smile of God awoke.

The sons of God ! And who were they ?
The stars He placed above ;
Reëchoing from their heavenly heights
The chorus,—God is love.

“OUR FLAG.”

I see it floating on the breeze,
O'er mountain, dale, and hill ;
Though rebels tried to tear it down,
It stands there waving still.
I love it when it stands “ half mast,”
For sacred reverence 's there,
For loyal hearts that have gone to rest,
I love it everywhere.

Wave on, “ Our Flag ! ” With your stars and stripes,
I love to sing of thee,
For you've stood on sacred mountain heights,
O'erlooking all the free.
Wave on, wave on ! O'er land and sea,
Majestic and alone ;
When the rebels fired their guns at thee
You were only a little torn.

For miles and miles since then you've sailed,
Leagues and leagues o'er the foaming deep,
When the winds have blown their fiercest gales,
Or the waters were asleep.
No rebel hand shall dare destroy
“ Our Flag ” for which we sing ;

The mighty conquests that have been wrought
Have ushered freedom in.

O'er glittering steel and cannon's boom,
"Our Flag" we've seen you wave,
The dying soldiers smiled on thee,
For thee their lives they gave.
We've seen our presidents stricken down
In our dear "Old Native Land,"
But still "Our Flag" kept waving on
In spite of the assassin's hand.

Should this, "Our Flag," e'er cease to float
Throughout New England's hills,
We shall hear the "very stones" cry out,
But we know you never will.
Sweet liberty! The greatest boon
God e'er bestowed on man,
"Our Flag" is emblematical;
Forever let it stand.

Wave on, "Our Flag!" Nor stop your course.
Ye stars and stripes wave on!
Under your ensign, O what battles
Have been fought and won!
George Washington with a mighty host,
True to the latest breath;
With Abraham Lincoln's loyalty,
'Twas liberty or death.

Wave on, "Our Flag," though traitors scorn,
Wave on! For all of that!

Before your stars and stripes we've seen
Men pause, and "touch their hats."
No rebel hand or sad reverse
Shall stain thy "golden name."
Wave on, "Our Flag," o'er all the earth,
Sweet liberty proclaim.

Be joyful, O ye little rills,
Through forest and through plain,
Let the "cattle on a thousand hills"
Reëcho back the strain.
"Our country! 'Tis of thee we sing,"
Which was "Our Fathers' " pride;
Under the shadow of "Our Flag"
Was where "Our Fathers" died.

O how I love to sing about
The red, the white, and blue;
Preserve "Our Flag," O Lord, we pray,
Preserve the "boys in blue."
God of "Our Fathers," hear our prayer,
In Thee we place our trust,
As we love "Our Flag," so let its colors
Never trail the dust.

AT THE BEGINNING.

Come home my muse and help me say
Something about a far-off day;
And I want to tell it all in rhyme,
Something that happened in olden time.

I suppose it's true, for the Scriptures say
God made the world in just six days;
Do you suppose He worked or only spoke
When the radiant morn of creation broke?

Nothing but water, I heard them say,
Was seen on the earth till the second day,
And so He kept on working till
He made the land, and beautiful hills.
The third day came, and nothing stirred,
And so He thought He'd make the birds,
And give them wings so they could fly
Up to the new ethereal sky.

He made the lakes and rippling rills,
And the "cattle on a thousand hills,"
The snakes, the bugs, the toads and frogs,
And all the little "polliwogs."
The fourth day came, and so you see
He made the fishes in the sea,
The great big whales and crocodiles,
He made them all in a little while.

The fifth day came, and all was right,
While everything looked fair and bright,
And so God thought of a new plan,
And, therefore, thought He'd make a man
To take the charge o'er His domain,
And give to all His works a name.
And just to please him, only see!
He made that great big apple tree.

On that same day, long ere 'twas night,
Again God said, Let there be light!
For I've got a woman on the string,
And she's going to be a critical thing;
Rather than have *her* on my hands
I'm sorry I ever made the man;
But there he lay and wouldn't stir
Until I promised I'd make *her*.

Adam was awfully pleased when she came in sight,
And named her Eve that very night.
With a woman's curiosity, she
Walked straight up to that apple tree.
She picked off two, one in each hand,
One for herself, and one for the man,
And just as she was reaching up for more
The Lord came round and stood in the door.

Lord—

Where art thou, Adam? Come to me.
Who picked those apples from that tree?
Didn't I tell you o'er and o'er
What you might have, and nothing more?

Adam—

I—I didn't do it; don't blame me;
'Twas the wo—wo—woman that Thou gavest me;
And she ga—ga—gavest me to eat,
I couldn't help it; 'twas so sweet.

Lord—

Lay it to the woman? Where is she?

Adam—

Out there under that apple tree.
Something fell on the garden floor,
I guess she's picking off some more.

Lord to the Woman—

And what have you been doing so soon,
Before you took your honeymoon?

Eve—

The serpent told me what to do,
And what he said, I know is true.
He told us both we should *not* die,
If we ate those apples on the sly.
'Twould make us wise, like unto *you*,
Knowing both good and evil, too.
Adam wanted that apple much as *I*,
But pretended he couldn't reach so high,
Because he'd lost one of his ribs,
Didn't feel quite well, so he went and hid.

He did his part as well as I,
Said up and down we should *not* die;
Only just keep hid when the Lord comes round,
But I knew you'd hunt till we both were found.
I saw that snake the very first night,
And he said we both looked like a fright!
Going round without our aprons on,
So I pick'd some leaves to make us some.

He told me to pick that apple, too,
And not be scared for fear of You,
He said 'twould open both our eyes,

Besides, 'twould make us very wise.
I've told you now what we've both been about,
Takes a woman every time to fetch a man out.

I've come it on Adam just the same
For saying the woman was all to blame.
My tongue's been running ever since I was made,
Till it's put my husband all in the shade.
And now God says he shall earn his bread.
I listened and heard every word that was said;
But I had to catch it same as he,
Only hear what the Lord just said to me:

Lord—

Henceforth in sorrow thou shalt roam;
For I'll take from you this happy home;
Couldn't be satisfied twenty-four hours,
With all this fruit and lovely flowers.
And the serpent standing up so straight,
Shall live on the dust outside the gate,
And crawl on his belly the rest of his life
For interfering with man and wife.

THANKSGIVING WITH COMRADES FROM "OVER THERE."

O mother! How long I have missed you,
So long since "earth's friendships have flown";
Come down, if for only one moment,
While here I am sitting alone.

All the people with whom I am living
Are gone quite a distance from here,
With friends, to enjoy their thanksgiving,
While I'm left alone in the rear.

I remember that place, dearest mother,
Where once I was nurtured with care ;
You and father, and all of the children,
" O what would it be to be there " !
" O mother ! Come back from that city,"
And tell me the joys of that place ;
For this is a lonesome thanksgiving ;
O give me one kindly embrace.

Take along with you Samuel and Flavel,
And William, so honest and true,
Lorinda, Calista, and Wealthie
Eliza, and Abigail, too.
Dear mother, pray don't forget Julia,
Nor George in his brilliant career ;
Little Harry, who was almost an idol,
I also must bring up the rear.

But I shall go where you are going,
And that's to our old Vermont home ;
The fire on the hearth I hear crackling,
To welcome us every one.
A white table without any varnish,
Spread o'er with a cloth white as snow,
Roast goose, and a baked Indian (" injun ") pudding,
A jolly old chicken pie, too.

Let's go up to the rocks and the mountains,
Where streams dance so merrily through,

Which but yesterday seemed to be haunted
With robbins, and bobolinks, too.
O! Whenever I think how my father
Took his hat off and laid himself down,
To drink from that spring of cold water,
My heart gives a leap and a bound!

That same spring to-day is still bubbling,
Without one invention of man,
Such as lead pipes and old rusty irons,
'Twas placed there by God's divine hand.
Little jottings along by the wayside,
Refreshments and cool rippling rills;
The same God who reigned in my childhood
Keeps guard o'er His heritage still.

Thanksgiving day now almost over,
Dear kindred, once more "fare-ye-well,"
How long will be this separation,
For one, I'm not able to tell.
Don't forget me dear father and mother,
The chain is still broken you see,
When that shall be soldered together
How sweet the reunion will be.

CHANGE OF FRIENDS.

A change of pastures makes fat calves;
'Tis just so with our friends;
We change the old ones for the new,
Which serves to that great end.

We often tire doing kindly deeds
To the same one o'er and o'er,
We therefore lay our benefits
To another neighbor's door.

And so that other neighbor with
Great courtesy lets us in;
The same as strangers always greet
A new and pleasant thing.
So do not think because that friend
Has jumped to another pasture,
That you in consequence thereof
Have met with a great disaster.

Could you have read the hidden page
That lurked in that friend's heart,
Thrice more than glad you might have been
To see that friend depart.
So grieve no more about that friend
You thought you loved the best,
You've only made a little change;
Your friends are none the less.

JUNE, THE MONTH OF ROSES.

Oh, beautiful month of roses,
We greet you with a smile;
We're glad you've come to stop with us,
If only a little while.
I sing of the month of roses,
So very dear to me,
For they grew around that dear old home,
Where once I used to be.

I sing of the month of roses,
As I press them to my heart,
For they speak of comrades "over there,"
With whom I've had to part.
Sweet rose, you oft remind me
Of the friends I used to meet,
Carrying roses in their hands,
Sniffing their odors sweet.

Sweet rose, you are an emblem
Of a fairer world than this,
Your time is short, I therefore hasten
To partake thy bliss.
Oh, woodman! spare the roses,
Touch not that slender stem
That's done such loyal service
'Mong the busy "haunts of men."

They've marched with the gallant soldier,
They've marched not only there,
But they've marched into the White House,
Up to the president's chair.
He appreciates the roses,
The chief of this great land,
He wears them in his bosom,
He holds them in his hand.

Oh, beautiful month of roses,
We greet you with good cheer,
All hail the month of roses,
Which comes but once a year.

GOOD-BYE TO THE MONTH OF ROSES.

Alas! and has she gone again,
As blithe and softly as she came,
Scattering all along her train
The leaves that fell from the roses?

To you we sang our sweetest lays,
Altho' you stopped but thirty days
Sol shed on you his longest rays,
Oh, beautiful month of roses!

Where did you meet her, O July?
Where was she when you passed her by?
And did she stop to breathe a sigh,
Oh, beautiful month of roses?

Altho' we bid a long adieu,
Again in nineteen hundred 'n' two,
Once more we'll gladly welcome you,
Oh, beautiful month of roses!

And when the angels fold their wings,
And list to hear the songs we sing,
Our sweetest tribute we will bring
To the beautiful month of roses.

FLOWERS' CONVENTION.

I just walked out a little way,
When a "hollyhock" I see;
And lo! behold that little "holly"
Touched his hat to me.

Next thing I saw as I went along,
Was a little "merry-gool,"
Which smiled and nodded seemingly,
As tho' he meant to rule.

I looked around, and lo! there stood
A pansy by his side;
And I wondered if that pansy was
A-going to be his bride.
A great red peony (piny) seemed to be
The next I got my eye on,
And I almost thought when I saw that
I was within the walls of Zion.

I looked around to see 'f 'twas so,
And there stood a sweet-william,
With a swarm of little humming-birds,
Just fresh from their pavilion.
He brought a luncheon for them, too,
In a basket on his arm,
And I wondered what that lunch could be,
And was told 'twas a "sweet-balm."

Next came a little "buttercup,"
Peeking thro' the fence,
The "goldenrod," and "daisy," too,
With never a pretense.
But who is that, way up so high,
Can any body tell?
My name is "sunflower," all the rest
Call me the "sentinel."

I laughed outright to hear him talk,
Couldn't help it, if I was to die;

For there he stood, his face to the sun,
Yellow whiskers, and a great black eye.
A little "poppy" came in sight,
When the "sunflower" had got through,
And said, "I beg your pardon, sir,
I'm somebody well as you !

"Only ten of you are here to-day,
I'm very glad to meet you ;
I, too, would add a very few words,
I hope what I say will please you.
I have a soothing balm with me,
Something I always keep ;
So be careful what you say to me,
Or I'll put you all to sleep."

"Look out for *me*," another flower said,
(As tho' she would defend them)
"You'll get no medicine into me,
For I'm a 'rhododendron.'
Oh ! I live in such a lovely place !
Great ponds, and trees so tall ;
Many beautiful flowers besides myself,
But I'm the dandiest of all.

"Plenty of water, so we pump it up,
A pump with a great long handle ;
Better water you never drank in your life,
'Long pond' to it can't hold a candle.
It makes me think of the good 'old times,'
When I used to go a-sapping ;
So now, little 'poppy,' don't flatter yourself,
That you'll ever get *us* to napping."

NOVEMBER.

The song of the robin has now died away,
We miss their sweet carols by night and by day;
They've gone to regale in that sweet "summer land,"
But not "over there," you will please understand.
November hath duties (tho' sear be her leaf),
Which God hath assigned her, so all is not grief
That lies on her borders or under her sky;
She performs well her duty the same as July.

In heavenly places together we meet,
To solace each other with friendship so sweet;
She hath "many mansions," were it not so,
She might have informed us a long time ago.
'Mong God's twelve disciples November is one;
She starts at His bidding, she goes and she comes;
The task is not easy she has to perform
For June plucks the roses and leaves her the thorns.

Tho' sadly we listen to her siren song,
She makes no pretensions while marching along,
She wears her brown cap with the greatest of ease,
While shaking the nuts from the bare frosty trees.
Oh, chilly November! we must not complain,
You're one of that number whom God doth ordain
To sit at His banquet, break bread and drink wine,
Acted well every part which your God hath designed.

Quite sure of the conquest you entered the race,
To doubts or forebodings you never gave place;
From start to the finish your work is well done,
The battle you fought and the prize you have won.

And now we beg pardon, November, right here,
For shrugging our shoulders when first you appear;
We now realize the rich harvest you bring,
A glorious Thanksgiving that's fit for a king.

ANGELS IN DISGUISE.

Turn not the stranger from thy gate,
Their footsteps nor despise;
Perchance you may be entertaining
Angels in disguise.
Not always those most intimate
Are the ones who care for you,
Nor always daily associates
Who care to remember you.

Perchance the one with rusty coat,
Or hat without a flower,
Is the very one who'll stand by you
In a dark and trying hour.
Not always those who boast the most
Are the ones who're sure to win,
Vain bluster, boast, and bravery
You'll find, are never twins.

Oh, blessed gift of loyalty,
How true in every way,
Go where you will, meet whom you will,
You never go astray.
To-day the same as yesterday;
Your colors never trail;
Oh, blessed gift of loyalty,
You never, never fail.

TO THE MEMORY OF WHITE'S PARK.

Shall we meet again?

“That dreadful question I have asked
Of the hills that look eternal;”

Of the stars in their awful majesty ;
In their azure fields supernal.

Of the bubbling streams that roll and roll,
And frolic with great glee,

’Till wearied with the “awful” march,
They rush into the sea.

I came to you when life seemed dark,
Earth’s friends more false than true,
And that was why, O dearest park,
I sought relief in you.

When I stood here I breathed the air
That’s free to every one,
With no regrets for yesterday,
Or fears for what might come.

When friends looked sullen and morose,
Without one kindly word,
I found relief in you, dear park,
Among the flowers and birds.
The weeping willows sighed for me,
The trees their tributes flung,
The flowers were full of sympathy,
While birds their carols sung.

I heard the whisperings on the breeze,
And knew God’s voice was there,
Transported so my heart became,
I could see God everywhere.

Here I could feel the watchful care
Of Him who cares for all,
Better trust Him for a little while,
Than never trust at all.

In trusting thus, perhaps, sometime
That little seed may grow
Through the memory of that happy hour
When you trusted long ago.
"He sees the sparrows when they fall,"
Hears the cry of every bird,

Tho' "His ways are all past finding out,"
They're in keeping with His word.
He "clothes the lilies of the field,"
The flowers, the shrubs, and trees,
In all his glory "Solomon
Was not arrayed like one of these."

I came near saying I'd digressed
From the path I meant to have trod,
But when I talk with you, dear park,
I also talk with God.

FREEDOM FROM SHAKERISM.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Thirty years have elapsed "since I gazed on the scene"
Which haunts me to-day like a beautiful dream;
Thirty years have elapsed since old Danbury I see,
Since I sailed out alone on life's turbulent sea.

I started away without money or friends ;
Tho' a ten-dollar bill looked quite big to me then,
'Twas all that they gave me for thirty-six years,
But I faced the music without any fears.

'Twas a beautiful day when I rode into town,
With a plain shaker bonnet 'n a straight shaker gown,
But the trees were arrayed as for some "bridal day,"
But I did n't seem to be taken that way.
My motto was freedom, altho' it might be
A crust of brown bread and an old "hollow tree."
Luxurious living with a mind that's opprest,—
With my disposition I much preferred death.

'Twas here in old Danbury I took up my station ;
'Twas here in old Danbury I found my vocation ;
'Twas here in old Danbury where folks were so friendly,
'Twas here I found none but who treated me kindly.
Thirty years have elapsed. Oh, how fleeting is time !
Thirty years have elapsed since sweet freedom was
mine.

Sweet liberty ! Freedom ! Thou most precious boon.
I reached out and grasped it in life's afternoon.

My sky many times has been quite overcast,
My frail barque been toss'd by the rough, howling
blast ;
'Tho' far from fair sailing, I clung to the oar,
"My anchor strong hope," while loud billows did roar.
When shot, shell, and cannon went whizzing 'round me,
I stood up and faced it as brave as could be ;
When the battle waxed hot, more determined was I,
Determined my colors to never "let fly."

Thirty years have elapsed, and I've never turned back
Since I first started out on sweet liberty's track ;
But I've had to "rough it" thro' hail, storm, and sleet,
Which never has taken me off from my feet.
For freedom I started, and ran for the prize ;
Bewildered and dazzled tho' oft were my eyes,
My courage and fortitude never cried halt !
For I dreaded to turn to a "pillar of salt."

And now, dear old Danbury, if you'll please to hear it,
Thou'st reared quite a "hero," or one pretty near it.
She came to you hungry, she came to you poor ;
You opened your hearts, and you opened your door.
Thirty years have elapsed since you went out to meet
her,
Both Taylors and Jacksons were ready to greet her,
Browns, Travers and Coffins and Websters together,
Regardless of either the wind or the weather.

One more sweet remembrance I'll mention right here,
There was one little Clarence I used to hold dear ;
He had sparkling black eyes and a pretty round face,
But now he's a preacher way off in some place.
Should I leave any out, hope you will not feel slighted,
To name every one would be more than delighted.
There's George, Will, and Martin, the Butricks and
Gales,
And an old Mr. "Jewett," who used to drive nails.

Stillman Clark and his family I must n't leave out,
The Litchfields and Crocketts were somewhere about,
The reverend "Mr. Miriam," wife, an' little girl.
I would n't leave them out for all of the world.

There was one maiden lady whom I would not miss,—
The salt of the earth, I can tell you all this,—
“Clara Giles” was her name, who can ne’er be forgot;
Almost blind, I remember, yet she murmured not.

Quite a number of “Fields” (with never a pasture),
Should I forget them ’t would be quite a disaster;
Mr. Fields and his wife, Littlefields who did marry,
Then, just as you’re going, there’s Tom, Dick, and
Harry.

Lucy Litchfield married a young Mr. Jones;
That couple, I tell you, were none of your drones.
The reason the Littlefields had such full bins
They sow’d to the harvest and not to the winds.

Robert Ford and his wife I almost forgot,
Nice people they were, same’s the rest of the lot;
Mr. Ford was a preacher, an’ a jolly man, too,
But his wife talked the most, same as most women do.
Two families of Sargents I liked pretty well;
The Cloughs and the Wiggins the chorus to swell,—
Adnirum and Johnny, now is n’t it queer
That I should fetch them in to bring up the rear?

So good-by, dearest Danbury, where once I did roam,
A pilgrim, as ever, without any home.
The beasts have a home, and the birds of the air,
But dim in the distance, *my* home’s “Over There.”
And now, dearest Danbury, one word will I say
As I stand here beside your old hearthstone to-day,
’Though mountains and valleys between us do lie,
I’ll respect you forever and ever. Good-by.

THAT LITTLE BROWN HOUSE IN DANBURY.

There 's a little brown house in Danbury
Where I worked thirty years ago ;
The very first place I encountered
After leaving the Shakers, you know.
For freedom I started, 's I told you,
That so long I had been seeking for ;
But never have found on my journey
All the world full of sunshine and joy.

I imagined my pilot would guide me
Forever o'er smooth, friendly seas,
Until, by and by, he should land me
In the harbor of infinite peace.
I never once met a " tornado "
Inside of the first four miles,
So I thought myself close to the regions
Where folks everlastingly smile.

Oh, that little brown cottage in Danbury
I'm longing to see just once more ;
It had n't a bit of paint on it
Excepting the little front door.
The windows were small and old-fashioned,
And up a long ways from the floor ;
But I did n't care much about it,
While earning a few cents of " lore."

The folks were worth plenty of money,
But very small wages did pay ;
But I thought it was almighty handy
To earn twenty-five cents a day.

They say that brown house is still standing,
So I'm going up to see it next week,
And presume I shall make quite a racket
Where I earned my two dollars a week.

Let us shake the old walls and the rafters
With the fife, with the fiddle and drum.
I wish that old couple could meet us,
But am 'fraid they're not able to come.
Let me see the old tree that bore apples,
In the garden where dandelions grew;
The beet, squash, the cabbage and turnip,
The currants and raspberries, too.

A mind wholly free and contented
Was to me a continual feast;
Even a wise man cannot bear oppression,
For oppression doth never bring peace.
I had left all my earthly possessions,
And land where good living was rife,
For the one thing we read of in the Bible,
"All a man hath will he give for his life."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I am thinking to-day of that story
Mother told us twelve children while young,
How Jesus was born in a manger,
Of the songs which the angels have sung.

And how we all listened in silence,
Asking questions in our childish way,
And if that was the same loving Saviour,
Who was coming to see us that day.

And how mother, with sweet smiles of sadness,
Told us Jesus was God's only son,
The one who was born in a manger;
Said Jesus was just the same one.
And that's when she told us the story
How Jesus was born in a stall,
For that inn, in the city of David,
Wasn't sufficient to accommodate all.

So I, in my young childish musings,
Thought the people were not very kind,
To occupy all of that tavern,
Leaving Joseph and Mary behind.
Oh, how my young heart pondered over
All the scenes that those people went thro',
For my own dearest mother had told it,
So I knew every word must be true.

She told us how he loved little children,
Embraced them, and told them to come,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
Oh, welcome them every one.
Oh, that I had been one of those children,
Should liked to have lived in that time,
To have shared in his kindly embraces,
"With his eyes looking down into mine."

Thank God for the teachings of mother,
Such teachings are wont to incite
A child to be spiritually minded;
Thank God for my mother. Good-night!

ONCE MORE.

"Once on the raging sea I rode,"
With none to speak a friendly word;
I've told this many times before,
But want to tell it just once more.
Oh! just once more, 'twas always so;
Like the little child who begged to throw
Just one more pebble from the shore,
When his mother bade him throw no more.

The night was dark, a storm was nigh,
The lightning flashing thro' the sky,
And I, a sailor far from home,
No hand to rescue but my own.
Faster, weaker my heart beat,
Longing for a safe retreat;
Tremblingly I plied the oar,
While foaming billows loud did roar.

Hark! I hear a bugle horn,
Some one coming thro' the storm?
Some one coming to my aid?
" 'Tis I, dear child; be not afraid;"
I see the glimmer of a light
Through the darkness of the night;
I see two arms stretched out to me,
'Tis Jesus, walking on the sea.

He stoops to take me in His arms;
"Fear not, dear child, be not alarmed;
I've watched you long, so come to me,
I'll bear you o'er this dangerous sea."
Tears filled those sympathetic eyes,
As He waved his hand to the angry skies;
To the threatening clouds so thick and black,
He waved His hand and said, "Go back!"

Oh, how my heart with joy did thrill
When he said to the tempest, "Peace, be still;"
I know the face I've loved so long,
Hence, He's the burden of my song.
With courage safely now I ride
With my dear Saviour at my side;
Fearing nothing as I sail,
For I know my pilot will prevail.



TRIBUTE TO SOME OF OUR DISTINGUISHED POETS.

I love to walk in the sounding woods,
With Tennyson, Bryant, and Blair,
For it raiseth my thoughts to Him who walketh
On the wings of the air.

I love to sing of "Home, Sweet Home,"
With Wordsworth, Cowper, and Bell,
And take an effervescent draught
From the "Old Oaken Bucket in the Well."

I love to walk in the "Sylvan Shades,"
With Campbell and Carlyle,
And view the tops of the dark fir trees,
Leaning close against the skies.

I love to walk with the poet Watts,
And hear that anthem roll,
"Then I shall smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

BIRTHDAY POEM—SAIL WITH ME, MOTHER.

Sixty-five years I have lived without mother,
Toiling 'mong strangers, far from my home;
Swiftly o'er cable were flashed the last summons,
And just in a moment my mother was gone.
My heart is still weeping at that mournful picture,
'Tho' sixty-five years have elapsed since that day;
Our mother was gone, our young hearts were left
bleeding,
For, oh, she so suddenly hastened away.

How awfully we missed her and her soft caresses;
Father was left, and was so good and kind;
Brothers and sisters all kind and obliging,
But mother was gone, and we were not resigned.
On rushed the years like the waves of the ocean,
And in their sad flight they all fell by the way;
So I in my loneliness only survive them;
Seventy-five years I account for to-day.

Sail with me, mother, the rest of the journey,
For I have grown weary of sailing alone;

When the waters are still, and the storms are all over,
Sail with me, mother, till I'm safe at home.
Oh, I do not ask you to face the rough billows,
Nor ask you to take all my burdens away;
So I'll be content when you come to me, mother,
Content, if you only will meet me half way.

The angels are nearing, I hear their soft footsteps,
Hear the low beating of their "muffled drums."
Sail with me, mother, the rest of the journey;
Sail with me, mother, till I'm safe at home.
I listen, and when I shall catch the last echo,
Catch the last echo of their "still alarm,"
Sail with me, mother, the rest of the journey;
Sail with me, mother, till I'm safe at home.

I've struggled along thro' the long, weary journey,
While all my companions have fallen by the way;
The harbor's in sight, and the sails are all hoisted,
Sail with me, mother, the rest of the way.
Minist'ring angels? I hear their low whispers,
The same as I have many times by the way.
Enraptured, I fancy I hear the band playing;
Sail with me, mother, the rest of the way.

I send you this message, this solicitation,
And hope it will reach you, dear mother, to-day;
The angels have joined me in swelling the chorus,
Sail with me, mother, the rest of the way.
Sail with me, mother, the storms are abating;
The song of the Lamb has already begun;
His arms are extended, he's coming to meet us;
You taught us to love him when we were all young.

Sail with me, mother, high o'er the rough billows ;
Sail with me, mother, for bright is the day ;
Sail with me, mother, the angels are singing ;
Sail with me, mother, the rest of the way.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Come home, my muse, take me back once more
To my dear old native home ;
Let me see the "Grand Old Hills" again,
Where once I used to roam.
Oh, I could "kiss the very rocks,"
They seem so dear to me ;
The rocks among those dear "Old Hills,"
Where once I used to be.

Let me see my dear old mother's face
While standing in the door,
Calling us in at the eventide, saying
We must n't play any more.
Let me see my dear old father's arms
Outstretched to us, every one ;
Even when he was working out on his farm
We were always welcome to come.

Take me back to that cottage,
That dear little cottage,
The little brown cottage
That stood on the lawn.

Take me back to the joys of my childhood years,
'Mong the birds, the flowers, and streams ;

Let me see the green mountains in summer time,
Later on, the autumn leaves.
Let me see that dear little humming bird,
For I love to hear him sing;
All around and about that dear old home
I just love *every* thing.

Oh, that little brown cottage,
That dear little cottage,
The little brown cottage
That stood on the lawn.

Take me back to the garden, the orchard, and dell,
Take me back to the pumpkins and corn;
Take me back to the old "Oaken Bucket" 'n the well,
By the cottage that stood on the lawn.
Let me see that old iron "candlestick"
Mother hung on the back of a chair,
That she might see to mend our clothes after dark,
For not a kerosene lamp was there.

Oh, that little brown cottage,
That dear little cottage,
The little brown cottage
That stood on the lawn.

Let me see that dear little spinning-wheel
Plied so deftly by mother's feet,
Spinning thread out of flax, while humming a tune,—
Ah! never was music so sweet.
Let me see my dear little sisters again
Standing 'round to see mother spin.
I remember she was fearful lest thro' a mistake
We might get our fingers caught in.

Oh, that little brown cottage,
That dear little cottage,
The little brown cottage
That stood on the lawn.

Take me back to my home, let me live there and die.
I *rather* die where I was born;
I'm weary of living 'mong strangers alone,
For my comrades are all dead and gone.
Oh, what sorrow and parting we've met on the way
Since we left the fond scenes at our home;
May we meet at the landing at some future day
When I am done living alone.

Take me back to that cottage,
That dear little cottage,
The little brown cottage
That stood on the lawn.

“THOU SHALT HEAR MY VOICE IN THE
MORNING.”

Let us bring our offerings unto the Lord
While the glorious day is dawning,
For the best time of day, our wise men say,
Is to praise the Lord in the morning.
There's a beautiful tree reaching out to me
As the glorious sun is dawning,
There's an Eye that peeps, which “never sleeps,”
Into my room in the morning.

That beautiful tree which delighteth me
Every time I awake in the morning,
Was wrought and planned by God's own Hand,
Nor touched by an artist's drawing.
The birds that fly in the beautiful sky
Come down when the day is dawning,
And sweetly sing while their tribute they fling
From that beautiful tree in the morning.

If we want to reap e'er 'tis time to sleep,
Let us sow our seed in the morning,
While the dew is on, and the darkness gone,
And the radiant sun is dawning.
I direct my prayer in the balmy air,
My voice shalt thou hear in the morning!
Bring your sacrifice in, 'tis a beautiful thing
To offer your gifts in the morning.

I listen and hear something chime on my ear,
As the first streak of daylight is dawning.
The first thing that stirs is the beautiful birds,
Oh, how sweetly they sing in the morning!
E'er that sound dies away, and 'tis just break of day,
Something else to that hour seems belonging,
Little children have joined with the birds in their song;
Oh, how sweet are their voices in the morning.

REFRAIN.

I'll again sing aloud 'mid the gay laughing crowd;
Let my song at this time be a warning!
How many are found with their armor laid down,
Never more to go forth in the morning.

OUR TWO KITTENS.

And must I say the parting word
I hear so many say?
Rather would I say, I'm sorry, "Annar,"
To have you go away.
If you forget poor Tommy Dick,
And leave him here to mourn,
The rats and mice will be so thick
They'll plunder your new home.

Sometimes your kit has stayed with me,
When you have been away,
That's why I think so much of him,
This great eventful day.
He has a disposition rare,
I've marked, with all the rest,
Although, to be sincerely frank,
I love *my* kitty best.

Yours seems more like the feminine;
Mine more like a business man;
Now which's the greatest consequence?
Please tell me if you can.
When your kit sees that danger's near,
He beats a fine retreat,
But *mine* would face a *cannon's* mouth,
Before he'd own up beat.

My kit has large combativeness,
While *your* kit has just none;
So mine comes home with ears and toes
Scratched almost to the bone.

But yours looks very delicate,
As if in all his life
He never knew a canine war,
Or even a petty strife.

One thing I've noticed, by the way,
When yours with mine has met,
He's heard all Dickey had to say,
And then he's put, "you bet!"
No serious outbreak has occurred
'Tween these two pussy-cats,
One thing they both are noted for,
To catch the mice and rats.

Well, I declare, I am a fool,
I might as well confess
That from the subject I began
I have so far digressed.
I meant to write a decent piece
When I this scrip began,
But since I've written so much of this,
I don't believe I can.

But one thing I must tell you, "Annar,"
Before this scrip I close,
There's many a cat, as well as yours,
That no great warfare knows.
All this "Dick" seems to comprehend,
And so he lets them go;
He says *he* rather meet a cat
That will his colors show.

And so he searches day and night
For one that suits his mind ;
I think I never heard him say
Which were the genuine kind.

THE PAST.

I cannot in my later years
My former joys forget ;
That by-gone history of life
I hold as sacred yet.
We must n't allow ourselves to mourn
O'er pleasures that have been ;
The same bright orb above our heads
Shines bright as it did then.

'Tis very pleasant to look back
On joys we leave behind,
If, in doing so, it don't disturb
Our peace at the present time.
Rather let it serve to exhilarate,
For 'tis our guiding star,
Pointing us to our future joys,
Seen only from afar.

And as we journey toward our friends,
Who 've reached those realms so fair,
We see their " footprints " on the sand,
So we know they traveled there.

Oh, the footprints on the sands of time
Lead to the "harbor bar,"
So we follow closely in their tracks,
Our only guiding star.

Now don't condemn the plans which God
So ingeniously has wrought;
The past to you sweet future brings;
The very thing you sought.

JESUS.

Jesus, I have loved Thee long,
Thou art still my harp and song;
All the way on life's dark sea
Thou hast been a light to me.

In my childhood thou wast near,
Also in my later years;
And since the sheaves are fully ripe
Thou art never out of sight.

MY MUSE AND I.

The "close-shut leaves" are torn apart,
And now since I am old
Time doth reveal unto my heart
Its "calyxes of gold."
The bread that I so long ago
Upon the waters cast,
Has returned to me an "hundred fold,"
An hundred fold at last.

I used to go a-humming 'round,
And knew not what I sang;
That heavenly muse was with me then,
When life was but a span.
Inscribed upon that "pictured urn,"
Where heavenly light diffuseth,
"Are thoughts that breathe" and "words that burn,"
Sung by the heavenly muses.

God gave to me this heavenly muse,
Teacher of all his ways,
To light my path in after years,
As night succeedeth day.
I loved that muse with all my heart
When gaiety was rife,
But now I love it better still
In the afternoon of life.

A poet knows the bliss it yields
Better than anyone else,
For not a vain or trifling thing
Could yield such happiness.
That heavenly muse can travel fast,
As quick as lightning speed;
Pursue you may, you never can
Outrun her mighty steed.

The "daring hand" that "wakes my lyre"
Will dare to turn you back;
You ne'er can tread upon the flowers
That deck the poet's track.
You cannot name a single thing
The muses cannot do.

In princely palaces they live,
In humble dwellings, too.

As in the sunshine so she is
In dull or stormy weather ;
Thus arm in arm my muse and I
Have always walked together.

RESPONSE TO A LETTER WRITTEN BY A
LITTLE BOY WHO IS NOW A PASTOR.

I miss you, little Tenny dear,
And so does Grandma, too,
And 'gainst the time you meet us here
We'll save a kiss for you.
I want to hear those little feet
Come patting on the floor ;
Oh, can it be that I shall hear
Those little feet no more.

I loved you, little Tenny dear,
And mean to love you still ;
Hope yet to see your little feet
Come trudging o'er the hill.
Those jet black eyes and auburn hair ,
How pretty they do look ;
I never saw a child more fair,
Not even in a book.

I wish I had your picture, dear,
That I might look upon

Your pretty little smiling face
When you're forever gone.
I thank you for the little scrip
You sent me, darling dear,
And wish that I might hear your voice,
My weary mind to cheer.

Your Kitty's well; I thought perhaps
You'd like to hear from her.
I feed her from my little cup,
And love to hear her "purr."
And Dickey keeps his eyes well peeled,
As well you might expect;
He always did an interest feel,
You know, in the fairer sex.

I'd write you more, but time is short
And "Grandsir" cannot wait;
For even now the old brown horse
Stands waiting^{at} the gate.

POSIE'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

DEAR LITTLE POSY.

Should you attempt to mount that tree,
Take care and do not fall.
How many pretty things I see,
But the prettiest of all
Is the little one that owns the hand
That's reaching up on high,
To grasp the things that hang thereon,
So pleasing to the eye.

Tell me, ye flowers, is there a bud
That can with her compare?
Ye zephyrs, can you waft a breeze
Sweet as her kisses are?
I doubt it, for I've felt the print
Of her kisses on my cheek,
And watched the daily windings
Of her cunning little feet.

Her rosy lips and cherub voice,
So full of childish mirth;
I've watched her long, and think she must
Be far too pure for earth.
"Behold the lilies of the field,"
"They neither toil nor spin."
'Tis said that even Solomon
Could not compare with them.

Could they compass a little child,
This one, nineteen months old?
If she should live, time will reveal
Its calyxes of gold.
But if like thousands just such ones,
Born but to blush and die,
She'll only be the sweeter there,
In the blessed "by-and-by."

But the little chair will vacant be,
Where once she used to sit,
And I shall pity those sad hearts,
Whose child they can't forget.
But, ah! dear friends, it is not so
As yet, for she is here.

Perhaps she 'll be the last to go
Beyond this vale of tears.

THE FROSTS OF TIME.

Tho' frosts may blight and flowers decay
And spring return no more,
The soul of one who's passed away
Will live forevermore.
Scarce welcomed from her infant years,
Ne'er blossomed into youth,
Death set his seal upon the form
Of this sweet child of truth.

She was my brother's darling one,
Who by adoption came ;
He loved her almost as his own ;
To me she was the same.
We name her 'mong the precious lambs
Whom our dear Saviour claims,
For He receives such little ones
And calls them by his name.

Oh, when she joins the "angel band,"
And claims a residence there,
Will she retain the same sweet smile
Which once she used to wear !
Will she be changed from beautiful,
Such as she was while here ;
Exchange her golden curly hair
For something sad and drear ?

Oh, I should love to gaze once more
Upon those ringlets fair,
And kiss the breath perfumed with smiles,
Such as the angels wear.
Clad in a robe of lowliness,
Beyond the pomp of dress,
Which needs no earthly ornament,
Such as the angels bless.

Her form, once fresher than the rose
Wet with the dews of heaven,
Now mingles with its native clay,
No more by tempests driven.
She waited not for flowers to bloom,
Or snows to melt away ;
But when to her the summons came,
She quickly did obey.

I often sit beside her grave,
And wish that I might hear
The angels whispers, while they pass
My enthusiastic ear.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“ There are songs enough for the heroes
Who dwell on the heights of fame,”
But the song I’m going to sing to-night
Will be in a different strain.
All the songs that’ve been sung for the heroes
Cannot equal the song I shall sing,
’Tis the song of the old “ Oaken Bucket,”
Unto her this sweet tribute I bring.

Let us sing our sweet songs to the ladies,
Who on "Santa Claus" wait with such care,
Bringing roses and beautiful presents,
With their sweetest of ways, "debonair."
Let us sing our sweet songs to the ladies;
Dear comrades, we've no time to waste,
For 'tis only the night before Christmas;
Let us sing our sweet carols in haste.

Let us *drink* to the health of the ladies
From the old "Oaken Bucket" in the well,
Right in sight of that "full blushing goblet"
Of which Wordsworth delighted to tell.
That old "Oaken Bucket" hangs dripping
As fancy reverts to that day;
Even the "nectar" that "Jupiter's sipping"
Cannot tempt us to once turn away.

Let the song of the old "Oaken Bucket"
Take the lead on this new Christmas eve;
That same song the reapers are shouting
They sang long ago 'mong the sheaves.

J. G. Whittier long ago told it
In language most grand and sublime,
And so have our other great poets,
Whom I love to recall at this time.
You may talk of the songs of the angels
'Way off in a far distant clime,
But the song of the old "Oaken Bucket"
Their songs will forever outshine.

Oh, the song of the old "Oaken Bucket"
Impresses my heart at this time,
Portraying the scenes of my childhood,
When nothing but pleasure was mine.
Even the song that was sung by the angels,
Where shepherds were watching by night
O'er their flocks on old Bethlehem's mountains,
Cannot rival our carol to-night.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD REVIEWED.

I'm journeying back to my childhood once more,
Am going to rap on the old cottage door;
But, oh, the sad thought as I wonder who'll come
To answer my summons and welcome me home.
Of that little brown cottage I'm coming in sight;
No light in the window, altho' nearly night,
No smoke from the chimney, am I here alone?
That once beaten track all with grass overgrown.

There stands the old barn, but the door is blown down,
Cattle and horses are nowhere around;
Not one smiling face at the window I see,
The friends of my childhood, oh, where can they be?
I dare go no further, the place looks so sad,
Where once my young heart beat so merry and glad;
The curb round the well has been taken away,
That "moss covered bucket" has gone to decay.

I hear something rustle; may be that old brook,
Dancing merrily on, I'll run down and look,

At the foot of that knoll where we children did play
'Mong grasses and ferns and the sweet meadow hay,
As I venture along I keep looking around
At the walls and the fences all tumbled down;
Not even the voice of a stranger I hear,
Even the woods seem deserted I once held so dear.

Oh, if one little squirrel would just come in sight
I'd hail the little fellow, for he's all right;
This place so deserted seems dreadful to me,
Anything but a snake would be welcome to me.
Shall I open the gate and go up to the door,
Say good-by to this spot I may see nevermore?
No real consolation could that be to me,
To meet not a form that I once used to see.

Oh, what memories throng as I stand by the gate,
My once happy home lying so desolate;
The pastures still live where the cattle once fed,
But "my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead."
Come back, oh, ye zephyrs, ye wanderers, come,
Help tell the sad tale of my dear native home,
The grass all grown over the porch at the door,
But the hills look eternal as ever before.

I've taken great pleasure living in the past,
But now my heart sways by the cold, chilly blast,
The cold, chilly blast of the winter of time,
Which taketh away every friendship of mine.
Notwithstanding the trials that I've had to meet,
To me, on an average, this life has been sweet,
My sun, in the morning, shone dazzlingly bright,
So I'll not blame the clouds that hang o'er me to-night.

Breathe softly, ye zephyrs, the day's nearly done ;
Out of twelve in our family I am the last one ;
Over there they will meet me as sweetly, I know,
As when we first met seventy-six years ago.
I thought I would tell you this story once more,
The same old story I've told you before ;
The song I've been singing to you here to-day,
I've only been singing in a different way.

THE MISSING LINK.

Dear brothers, I am coming !
Oh, grasp your sister's hand,
And lead her away from the cold, dark stream,
Where she dare no longer stand.
Oh, what sorrow and heart-breaking
Since we parted at our door,
A stranger here, but over there
A stranger nevermore.

Dear sisters, I am coming !
Years and years you've had to wait,
Watching, waiting, wondering
Why I should be so late.
I remember all your faces,
Do you remember me?
The "missing link" from the broken chain
You'll all be glad to see.

Oh, the missing link from the broken chain
Around our family tree,

Which you'll all be glad to see again,
Is out on the cold, dark sea.
I long to see you all once more,
I cannot tell you how;
Long, long ago you crossed the flood
That I am crossing now.

Oh, that broken chain will be made whole,
Around our family tree,
For the missing link is coming home,
Coming over the sea.
No more a lonely wanderer
In this cold world of sorrow,
No more to go to bed at night,
Dreading the dark tomorrow.

I'm weary with the storms of life,
But if I could only come
And sit at my father's table again,
I could feast on the very crumbs.
Sometimes I fear you've forgotten me,
Through all the years that's rolled,
And have got so used to the broken chain,
You care not to have it whole.

That such a thing were possible,
I hardly dare to think;
Awaiting all your sweet replies,
I linger at the brink.



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